



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

upon our gratitude, it had been a large one; for to whom should we be more thankful than to him who replaces vagueness with certainty, and compels a braggart falsehood to confess the truth? But the volume before us puts us more largely in his debt. A new and authentic testimony to the strength of the human soul, to the capacity of man for self-devotion and that more difficult heroism which is unwitnessed, is a substantial addition to our self-respect, a positive help toward our deserving it on occasion. We look forward to his next volume with a whetted appetite. There is no passage in our history so romantic as that contest of men fresh from the luxury of the Old World in the savage remoteness of our woods, that grapple of two hostile civilizations in the shaggy recesses of our wilderness, and no historian so competent to deal with it as Mr. Parkman.

13. — *A Song of Italy*. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1867. 16mo. pp. 47.

DRYDEN, in his dedication to his translation of the *Æneis*, says:—

“Segrais has distinguished the readers of poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three classes (he might have said the same of writers if he had pleased). In the lowest form he places those whom he calls *les petits esprits*,—such things as our upper-gallery audience in a play-house, who like nothing but the husk and rind of wit, prefer a quibble, a conceit, an epigram, before solid sense and elegant expression. These are mob-readers. If Virgil and Martial stood for Parliament-men, we know already who would carry it. But though they make the greatest appearance in the field, and cry the loudest, the best on it is, they are but a sort of French Huguenots or Dutch boors, brought over in herds, but not naturalized, who have not land of two pounds per annum in Parnassus, and are therefore not privileged to poll. Their authors are of the same level, fit to represent them on a mountebank's stage, or to be masters of the ceremonies in a bear-garden. Yet these are they who have the most admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, that as their readers improve their stock of sense, (as they may by reading better books, and by conversation with men of judgment,) they soon forsake them; and when the torrent from the mountain falls no more, the swelling writer is reduced into his shallow bed, like the Mancañares at Madrid, with scarce water to moisten his own pebbles. There are a middle sort of readers (as we hold there is a middle state of souls), such as have a further insight than the former, yet have not the capacity of judging right (for I speak not of those who are bribed by a party, and know better if they were not corrupted); but I mean a company of warm young men, who are not yet arrived so far as to discern the difference betwixt fustian, or ostentatious sentences, and the true sublime. These are above liking Martial or Ovid's

epigrams; but they would certainly set Virgil below Statius or Lucan. I need not say their poets are of the same taste with their admirers. They affect greatness in all they write; but it is a blattered greatness, like that of the vain man whom Seneca describes, — an ill habit of body, full of humors, and swelled with dropsy. How many of these flatulent writers have I known, who have sunk in their reputation after seven or eight editions of their works! for, indeed, they are poets only for young men. They had great success at their first appearance; but not being of God, as a wit said formerly, they could not stand."

14. — *May-Day and other Pieces.* By RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1867. 16mo. pp. 205.

IN the exquisite poem in this volume called "Terminus" Mr. Emerson speaks of himself as one who

"Obeys the voice at eve obeyed at prime."

He has, indeed, unquestioned right thus to speak of himself, for he has been true, as few men ever were, to the voice of his own genius, and his obedience has been to him both inspiration and power. Many years ago he said of the poet: "He is isolated among his contemporaries, by truth and by his art, but with this consolation in his pursuits, that they will draw all men sooner or later." And in his own experience he has had proof of this assertion. He has had the happiness of living long enough to see his contemporaries, those at least of the younger generation, drawing to him, and acknowledging him as one of those

"Olympian bards who sung
Divine ideas below,
Which always find us young,
And always keep us so."

His first volume of poems and his last, with twenty-one years' interval between them, are in the same key of harmony, and are expressions of the same voice. The first has some tones of youth, some fervors of imagination which are not found in the last, but their place is supplied by the clearer accents and composed strength of mature life. They are both alike the sincere utterances of a strongly marked and individual genius, and both in striking contrast to the popular poetry of the day.

The character of Mr. Emerson's genius is such that its expressions are not, and are not likely to become, in a strict sense, popular. He addresses a select audience, composed of those who like himself hold to their ideals, and have faith in the worth and efficacy of ideas. He